KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"Well, John—home again? May I come in?" asked a quick, clear, decisive voice; and across the room came with a self-assured air a lady who I knew at once must be John's sister. She took no notice of me; but she put out her large, ungloved hand cordially to John, and looked at him with a straight, frank, friendly glance that somehow made me like her, and made me forgive her for her slighting thoughts of "girls."

"This is my wife, Carrie," said John, as I rose with a scorched face from my lowly seat. "Kitty, this is my sister."

She did not kiss me. But she took my hand with a firm clasp that was not unfriendly, and she looked straight and keenly at me, with an interested, wondering, slightly humorous look. Her eyes were like John's, with the same capacity for sternness and gentleness, but they were more humorous eyes than John's—or people said so. She was a fine woman, tall, massively made, but well proportioned, and not without a certain stately dignity. Her hair, just turning gray, was brushed back from her face, leaving her wide brow bare.

She made a few remarks to me in a half-kindly, half-perfunctory tone, then took pity on my shyness, or felt that she had done her duty, and addressed herself to John. But every now and then, while she talked to him, her eyes fell upon me and I read her thoughts in them. "What could John have seen in her?" they said. "What could have induced him to marry her?"

"You have never asked me for Lucia, John," she said presently in a tone of accusation.

"I have been going to ask you. How is she?"

"I don't know how she is—I don't know what is the matter with her. She's in a pensive mood. She won't rouse herself. She is worried. She says she must see you. You must come and see her, John."

"Yes. I want to see her," said John in a thoughtful tone.

"She sent half a dozen messages to you. But you had better come—she can deliver them in person."

CHAPTER IX.

John was looking before him, away from his sister, into the fire, with a somewhat abstracted glance.

"How did she bear leaving her old home?" he asked presently in a musing tone.

"Bear it? There was nothing to bear. It was never home to her. Brittany was always a foreign home to Lucia—she never got over her feeling of loneliness. There was not a day, I believe, but that she longed for London; she used to tell me that she dreamed at night of the lights and the roar of the London streets—she awoke to the silence of our country life, and the stillnes oppressed her, weighed upon her spirits. She was homesick for ten years—if that is posible."

John was looking before him with a sorrowful, contemplative glance.

"She regretted her marriage?" he said after a moment.

"She could not regret it. It was inevitable."

"She thought so."

"It was so."

"There," said John, quietly, "we shall always differ."

There was a minute's silence; when conversation began again it drifted to other topics. John joined but little in it; his sister turned her attention once more to me and began to sound the shallows of my knowledge, the depths of my ignorance. In ten minutes she had discovered all that I had not read, all the fundamental subjects on which I had not thought; she had found out that my knowledge of art was nil, of music superficial, of literature superficial and school-girlish. I had never in my life felt myself so entirely uninformed.

But, if my questioner gradually unveiled my ignorance, it struck me now and then than she looked at me more humorously than scornfully the while, and with more kindliness.

She stayed for an hour; then she rose to go. John went slowly with her from the room.

I breathed more freely as the door closed. Left alone, I strolled slowly across the room to the window, parted the curtains and stood looking out.

The sky, which had been overcast, had grown clearer by now; it was starlit. I opened the window and knelt down, my arms on the sill. How quiet it was! Now and then a footstep passed—I heard it advance and heard it slowly die away; now and then the distant murmur of the streets seemed for a moment to grow more distinct, then seemed far away again.

As I knelt there, a door opened slowly; a clear voice struck my ear.

"She is such a child, John! I knew she was young—but so young! I don't approve of your marriage—I tell you frankly."

"You told me that before, in your letters. They did not surprise me. I knew you would not approve."

"I had hoped—no, don't interrupt me, let me say it, John—I had hoped, now that Lucia was free again, that you and she at last might both be happy."

"That subject is threadbare, Carrie. Why discuss it any more?"

"No"—with an impatient little sigh—"it is useless to discuss it now. But what induced you, John?"

"I wrote and told you what induced me."

"But was it a sudden thought?"

"Not very sudden. The thought first came to me, I own, a good many years ago. Half a dozen years ago I began to consider whether I might not one day induce her to be my wife. I did not often think of it—but now and then the idea would recur to me."

"But half a dozen years ago, John, you could not have been in love with her."

"No."

A moment's pause. Then in a clear, regretful voice—

"The old story again! John, what a son you have been! Is there a single debt of our father's that you have not left uncleared? Your life has been one long act of reparation, and this is the last of all! He made that poor child a pauper—and you could not forget. Yes, I knew that that was it! I said it to Lucia, but she knew it too. Oh, it is hard, John—hard upon you!"

"But you mistake," said John's grave voice, even, quiet, deeply serious—the voice that thrilled me where I knelt. "My first thought—long ago, very long ago—was what you say, a thought of reparation. But I did what at that time I did not think of doing. I fell in love with Kitty—fell honestly in love with her."

"Because you wished."

"The wish may have had something to do with it—may not have had. I cannot say."

"Do you think such love is trustworthy, John? Will it wear, do you think, a lifetime?"

"I hope so."

"So do I—from my heart. Shall I give you my frank opinion?"

"Do."

"I think you ought to husband that love of yours with all your energy. Seventeen and thirty-five have not many common interests. If you have any common interests, cherish them, John—and shut all other interests out. Don't be vexed with me. There is one thing more I want to say."

"Say it."

"I am not very fond, as you know, of girlish simplicity, but there was something in that little wife of yours that touched me. I asked you to come and see Lucia, but I ask you now not to come."

"Not come? Why not?"

"There are manifold reasons why not. You know them as well as I. Kitty is an unformed pretty girl—no more. Lucia is a woman—beautiful, cultured, clever, more than clever—and the woman, John, whom you passionately loved!"

I had knelt as one spellbound, had listened in a breathless, tremulous way, with no definite thought that I was listening, with only one eager, overmastering wish to hear John convince me once again that he loved me, that he loved me for love's sake, not for pity's sake, or Aunt Jane's sake, or anyone's sake, but just for his own sake, for pure, reasonless, passionate need of loving me. I had longed to hear this sweet assurance, and instead I had heard—what had I heard?

I rose from my knees hurriedly in a dazed and dizzy way.

"I say, don't come," continued the full, clear voice in a warning tone. "I say what I think is kindest, John. Put the question to yourself—can you trust yourself to come?"

I did not hear John's answer. I would not hear it, I dared not. I moved away from the window, and went back to my old place beside the hearth, and stood looking down into the fire.

Presently the house-door shut, and John's step came back through the tiny hall. In another minute he stood beside me.

"You are looking tired, Kitty," he said in a half-inquiring tone.

I turned my face toward him and tried to laugh cheerily. The laugh was a most mirthless one. I was conscious that his eyes were observing me in an anxious, questioning way. I must say something—I could not think of a thing to say.

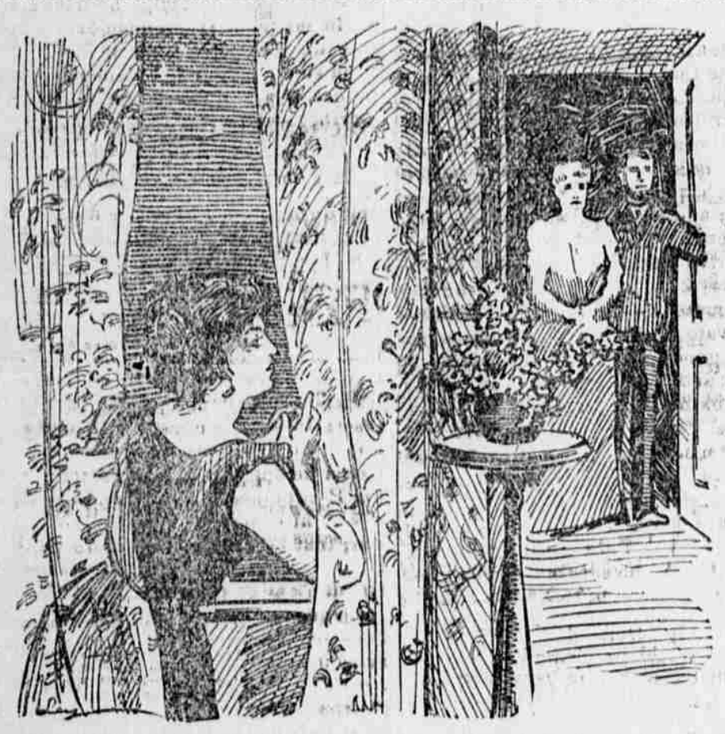
"Do you think the girls will come?" I asked him with eagerness. "I wish the girls would come; don't you?"

"You want the girls?" he asked.

My voice had trembled; I felt that I must account for the tremor in it, and for the tears with which my eyes had suddenly grown dim.

"I want them dreadfully," I cried—"oh, dreadfully!"

(To be continued.)



AS I KNELT THERE A DOOR OPENED.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

Man Who Carries This Policy Into Marriage Deserves Worst Punishment.

Between a falling off in the marriage rate, an increase of divorces and other lamentable circumstances, anything affecting the wedded state becomes not only a matter of curious interest, but also of deep solicitude. Thus a new danger that has come to the surface in a recent Washington suit calls for due consideration. In this instance a young woman whose hand was sought for by quite a number of candidates, chose whom she thought the most acceptable, and in due time the twain were made one. Alighting at the station, the husband told his astonished bride that he did not want a wife, and had only married her because he could not endure the idea of anybody else possessing her. He then disappeared. Five weeks have since passed and she has neither heard of nor seen him. Consequently she wants a divorce on the ground of desertion. It is hard, of course, to always grade the punishment to fit the crime, but it would seem that an affair of this character calls for exceptional treatment. A groom who could thus carry the dog-in-the-manger principle into the institution of marriage is altogether so inconceivable a reprobate that no schedule of sinners in the criminal codes is likely to include him. Besides, as to afflicting an adequate penalty, it is not probable that he can be got at. In such a state of affairs the only thing that seems advisable is to grant the lady's application for divorce with a generous readiness that may tend to give her a better opinion of men in general in case she should think of venturing on giving any of them an other chance.—Philadelphia Times.

Some Quaint Records.

Some singularly quaint records have just been discovered in the parochial registers at Footfield, near Marlborough, the name of the parish church of which place dates from the eleventh century. One of the earliest entries decipherable is as follows: "1582, the 2d of December, buried Robert Waterman, kylled with a tree." In 1609, "a pore man whose name is unknown," is mentioned as having died in a "dogge kennel;" while in 1612 it is stated that "on Tuesday the one and twentieth of July, was here entombed the body of the Right Hon. Edward Lord Beauchampe, who deceased at week." This was a son of Lord Beauchamp, who secretly married the Lady Arabella Stuart in the reign of James I., and was imprisoned in the Tower for thus wedding a lady of royal descent without the king's consent. In 1675 a "poore travelling man" was buried; and in 1708 a note is appended to the registration of the marriage of John Perkins and Mary Overs, stating that they "made a rude disturbance and abused ye people coming out of the church!"

Use of Waste Products.

The utilization of waste products is sure to increase every year. Almond oil is to be made from peach and apricot pits. Whether this is to be used for flavoring purposes or in cosmetics is not yet stated.

If love weren't so catching a disease it would probably be a lot less curable

MONEY THE ATTRACTION

Not Honor, but Real Ducats, is What Bryan Wants.

THE SILVER ORATOR IN BAD LIGHT

Production of a Letter that Makes the Perennial Presidential Candidate Contradict Himself—J. Sterling Morton Produces a Document that Looks Bad for the Self-Constituted Reformer.

J. Sterling Morton made the assertion in the Conservative several weeks ago, says a Lincoln correspondent of the Omaha Bee, that W. J. Bryan had said he wanted office for money and not for honor. The Bee, in its issue of September 27, contained an interview with Bryan, in which he positively denied that he had ever made such an assertion. Undeniable proof is now presented that Mr. Bryan did say that he wanted the money for the office and not for honor.

Because of this unequivocal and sweeping denial of Mr. Bryan and because with the denial he named the editor of the Conservative in an offensive and accusing manner, J. Sterling Morton produces for vindication and verification and as a rebuttal of the unequivocal denial, a letter written by Mr. Bryan on January 11, 1899, in which he says:

"I assure you that it is the money that is in the office and not the honor that attracts me."

The publication of this letter recalls Mr. Bryan's early political history. The man who sprang so quickly into world-famed reputation located at Lincoln in 1888 and a short time later formed a partnership with A. R. Talbot, under the firm name of Talbot & Bryan. In December, 1889, or the year following Mr. Bryan became an applicant for the position of secretary of the State Board of Transportation. He had taken an active part in politics from the day he located in the city and he naturally had many poutical friends who were willing to assist him in getting the position. He had supported J. Sterling Morton for congressman from the First district during the campaign of 1888 and Morton reciprocated by endorsing him for the secretaryship.

The monetary issue was not an important issue at that time and Mr. Morton and Bryan were warm political friends. Considerable correspondence passed between the two and the following is a copy of one of the letters written by Mr. Bryan:

"LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 11, 1889.—Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Nebraska City, Neb.: Dear Friend—Your kind letter to Mr. Lease was received and delivered. I think it was well received. The P. S. was judicious, I think. I am grateful to you for your indorsement. Had hesitated to write you because I dislike soliciting aid. I assure you that it is the money that is in the office, not the honor that attracts me. If successful in getting it, it will tide me over my beginning here. With regards to the ladies, I am, yours very truly, W. J. BRYAN."

Failing to secure the appointment to the railway commission Mr. Bryan continued the practice of law, but in 1890 he announced his candidacy for congressman, and in fact, has been a candidate for office ever since. A. J. Sawyer and a number of other prominent First district democrats asked Mr. Morton to come out as a candidate, but he replied "No; not to go and ask any one to vote for me or work for me." His refusal to run made the nomination of Bryan possible and those in charge of the democratic machinery turned to the young orator and he was nominated. John H. Ames of this city, now a gold standard man, was chairman of the congressional comittee and it was he who started the Bryan boom. Since the memorable state convention of 1892 the two men who worked together in the campaign of 1888 have been drifting farther and farther apart. Morton pronounced for the gold standard and laid down his views from typewritten manuscript so that there could be no dispute as to where he stood on the situation. Bryan left the party, Ames resigned from the chairmanship of the congressional committee because of the congressional nominee's views on the money question and after he had supported him in his previous campaign.

Bryan's repeated utterances concerning the heinousness of the money power and the greed for wealth recalled to J. Sterling Morton's mind the assertion made in 1889 and a search was instituted among the files of papers at Arbor Lodge for the letter. It was found among a number of other letters written by Mr. Bryan, all somewhat similar and equally interesting. One of them is a message sent after Mr. Morton's defeat for congress congratulating him for running ahead of his ticket. Only a few months after this Mr. Bryan told his friends that he could get even more votes than Mr. Morton got or could get.

What Ails the Letter.

Lincoln Journal: The popocratic organs are all declaring as with one voice that Mr. Bryan's old letter to J. Sterling Morton avowing that he wanted office for the money that was in it and not the honor, is perfectly straightforward, proper and creditable to the great wearer of the Jeffersonian mantle. Then why did Mr. Bryan deny it and why did the popocratic organs denounce Mr. Morton fiercely as a liar and a libeller because he said that Mr. Bryan had once made a statement to that purport to a friend?

Morton doesn't appear to have set any great store by the letter but merely alluded to it because of Br. Bryan's violent and theatrical attacks on people who, according to his pure mind, were in politics for money and whose greed for wealth was undoing the country. And Bryan and his friends evidently saw the point and vociferously denied it and challenged Morton to his proof. That is what is the matter with that letter.

The hungry mendicant prefers the cold ham to the cold shoulder.

Misrepresentation of Mailley.

York Republican: Do you have confidence in the statements of men who wilfully misrepresent things to you? Things, too, that come within your own knowledge, so that you personally know that they are misrepresentations? Chaplain Mailley is quoted as saying, "Stand by McKinley, right or wrong." He never said anything of the sort. "In times of peace I am for the administration when it is right; in times of war, so long as a rebellous gun is aimed at the stars and stripes, I am for the administration right or wrong. This is not a time for criticism; it is a time for united." That is what Chaplain Mailley said at York, and it is what he said at Lincoln. This is just what he said. Any paper which quotes him as saying otherwise is guilty of a blameworthy action. What they make Mailley say sounds narrow and partisan. What he really said is patriotically American, and right or wrong, is concurred in by all patriotic people. The republican party agreed with the contention of the democrats during the rebellion that the income tax levied and collected for war purposes was unconstitutional. It was necessary, however, as one of the means for the preservation of the country as a nation, and right or wrong, the people stood by it and defined it until it was no longer a necessity, and then it was repealed. The disloyal citizen was opposed to it, but, right or wrong, the men of America stood by it, and so in times of war they stand by any administration that represents their country.

Even Coin Drops Silver.

A citizen of Hebron writes that even the author of "Coin" has stopped talking on silver. He says:

"Coin Harvey, on behalf of the fusion forces, addressed an audience of about 200 at the court house here last night. The meeting had been largely advertised, but no hearers were present outside of this city. The speaker, though advertised as the exponent of free silver, entirely ignored that subject, devoting himself to a schoolmaster's dissertation on the subject of trusts, and an attack on the government and a laudation of the insurrectionists, especially the leaders. The administration was branded as oppressors; the government as unjust. An invitation was extended for queries and the speaker had some fired at him that are still unanswered. The audience was about half republican and they left the hall with renewed determination to stay by the administration, caused by the abuse of the speaker. If the fusionists have any more campaigners like this one the republicans are hopeful that they will be sent here, for, with a few more speeches like this one, success for our candidates is assured."

Bryan Here and Bryan There.

Lincoln Journal: Colonel Bryan is hopping around so much on the expansion question and on the issues of 1900 that it is never safe to guess what he will say unless you know in what part of the country he is doing his talking. In Iowa he says he does not want the troops removed from the Philippines, and lays down a policy for the future of the archipelago that almost amounts to an indorsement of the administration. He did not talk that way in Nebraska, and will not talk in that strain if he happens to be called to Massachusetts before the close of the campaign. Bryan is the most ready man in the world on the stump, and one of his most pronounced accomplishments is his recently acquired ability to shift his ground to suit the prejudices of his different audiences.

Mountain Out of a Molehill.

Seward Reporter: The Omaha World-Herald, followed by its feeble imitators like the Seward Independent-Democrat, is making a great ado about a circular issued by the president of the federation of republican publishers. Among other things, the suggestion is made that republican publishers should not club with populist papers. This causes the virtuous World-Herald and its satelites to go into spasm of horror, and the way they talk about the attempt to "suppress fusion literature" is indeed distressing. One would think that they were in the habit of urging their partisans to subscribe for and read republican papers. But this is the last thing they would do, and they and all their class practice the same thing which they so roundly denounce.

Pops Petered Out.

Topeka Capital: What is the use of talking about populism in Kansas any longer? Let the old republicans come out of it and back where they belong and the democrats go over to their own party. There is only one populist congressional representative in Kansas, and he is a good expansionist, and the party is no longer of national significance. The scheme of fusion, where both sides give up their principles for the offices, is the most corrupt practice in politics. Now is a good time for populists to let go, if ever had any, and the contest is it ever ha dany, and the contest is strictly between the old parties. A populist in Kansas can never be anything else again but an aid to the democratic party.

'Twas a Ten Strike.

Genoa Leader: The nomination of Judge Reese as candidate for supreme judge by the republicans was a ten strike from a republican standpoint. Judge Reese is 10,000 votes stronger than any man they could have nominated. If he is defeated it will not be the votes of any man honestly interested in reform. His nomination is also gratifying to those republicans who have been fighting the past few years for clean candidates and honest politics within their party.

If.

Silas A. Holcomb addressed the Custer county populist convention which indorsed the following: "We are opposed to the use of passes by our public servants and would recommend the retirement to private life all who accept the same." If pouplists vote as they have resolved, Mr. Holcomb will be retired all right—Sutton Advertiser.

What man has done woman thinks she can improve on.

A LITERARY LOVER.

The maid I love is like a book,
To outward seeming fair,
And as through every page I look
I find much treasure there.

There's much in it that's rather light
And much that's beautiful,
Yet never once a thought that's trite
Or commonplace or dull.

And though from heaviness exempt
And mediocrity,
And though there's much in it to tempt,
'Tis far too deep for me.

No critic of this book am I—
Love has no critic's power—
And yet one change, I can't deny,
I'd make this very hour.

The covers bright I would let be,
The text remain the same;
This book is good enough for me—
I'd only change the name.

—J. M. in Puck.

POWER OF EYELID.

GIVES ALL THF EXPRESSION TO THE OPTICS.

The Eye in Itself Has Little to Do with the Art of Expressing Inward Emotions—All Done by the Lids—What an Oculist Says.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer: There are no expressive eyes. The expression of the eye is really in the lid. The eye itself, independent of its surroundings, has no more expression than has a glass marble. A prominent English oculist makes this daring statement, and he defends his position with emphasis. "The eyes have no expression whatever," he says. "How do you explain the fact that the eyes of one person are more expressive than those of another" I am asked. They are not. The difference consists in certain nervous contractions of the lids peculiar to the individual. Observe for yourself and you will see that I am right. We will say that I am greatly interested in something, and my attention is suddenly called from it by an unexpected interruption. My upper eyelid raises itself just a little, but the eye proper does not change an iota in appearance. If the interruption is but momentary the elevation of the lid will be but momentary. If the surprise caused by an interruption is continued the lid may be raised even a little more, and, in fact, the whole of the forehead, including the eyebrows, is raised and wrinkled. But the eye remains the same. When a person is excited much the same emotions are gone through," continued the doctor. "His eyes are open wide, in cases of intense excitement, to their greatest extent, but the forehead is not wrinkled, and the ball of the eye is as expressive as a bit of glass. No more. Observe the face of one who laughs. You will see that the lower eyelid has no muscle of its own, and it is only by the contraction of the adjacent muscles in smiling or laughing that it is made to move. That is why there are many wrinkles about the eyes of merry persons. The expression of deep thoughtfulness is produced by the drooping of the upper lid. If the meditation is over a subject that worries the thinker the eyelids contract and the eyebrows are lowered and drawn together. This is true of a reflective mood. As to emotional moods, there is the expression of anger, for instance. The eyes, instead of closing, are open wider than they are normally, but the brows are closely knit. In expressing sadness the entire upper eyelid comes about half-way down and the folds of the skin collect there, giving the lid a thick, heavy appearance."

Hard to Suit.

Irascible Citizen—Phew! I'm a consarned idiot! Here it is 5:15, and of course I've missed the 5:10 train. Ran all the way, too. Ticket Agent—No, the 5:10 train is ten minutes late. Irascible Citizen—What; Ten minutes late! And I ran all the way! How dare they run their trains late? It's a scoundrelly imposition, sir, that's what it is—and I shall report you, sir, I shall report you!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not So Dirty.

Wife—I'm overjoyed to see you, James, but how dirty your hands are! Returned Klondiker—They can't be so terribly dirty, M'liss. I washed 'em just before I started for home.—The Chicago Tribune.

Not a Product of the Country.

Watts—"The French did not seem to take into consideration the reasonable doubt of Dreyfus' guilt." Potts—"They don't have that kind of doubt in France."—Indianapolis Journal.